*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowſes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: *It* is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coate.

*Slen.* I may quarter (Coz).

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Euans.* *It* is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Euan.* Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

*Shal.* The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

*Euan.* It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

*Shal.* Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

*Euans.* It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* *Miſtris Anne Page?* ſhee has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

*Euans.* It is that ferry perſon for all the world, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneies, and Gold, & Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

*Slen.* Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

*Euan.* I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Slen.* I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gift



*Euan.* Seuen hundred pounds, & poſſibilities, is

*Shal.* Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Page* is *Falſ*

*Euan.* Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lye deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you b your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

*Maſter Page.* Who's there?

*Euen.* Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, *Shallow*, & heere young Maſter *Slender*: that per ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to yo

*Maſter Page.* I am glad to ſee your Worſhi thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon be ill killed: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I t alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

*M. Page.* Sir, I thanke you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

*M. Pa.* I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slen*

*Slen.* How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

*M. Pa.* It could not be iudg'd, Sir,

*Slen.* You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

*Shal.* That hee will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis 'tis a good dogge.

*M. Pa.* A Cur, Sir.

*Shal.* Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, c more ſaid? he is good and faire. *Is* Sir *Iohn Falſta*

*M. Pa.* Sir, hee is within: and *I* would *I* c good office betweene you.

*Euan.* *It* is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeak

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me Maſter *Page*.)

*M. Pa.* Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

*Shal.* *If* it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; ſo (M. *Page?*) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſqui is wronged: